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Editor and Prop'r.

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SUBSCRIPTION
\$2.00 a Year.

VOL. VI.

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1887.

NO. 26.

A SENSATION.

Why is it that three bottles of B. B. B. are sold in Atlanta to one of any other blood remedy, and twice as much consumed in the State of Georgia as any other preparation? No one need take our word, but simply ask the druggists. Ask the people. They are competent witnesses. Six houses in Atlanta are buying B. B. B. in five and ten gross lots, and some of them buy it every two months. Why these unreasoned sales here at home with so little advertising? Modesty forbids us making a reply. But B. B. B. has been before the public a quarter of a century. It would not be necessary to be bolstered up with a mass of page advertisements now. Merit will conquer and do a man's work.

\$1 WORTH \$500.00.

For four years I have been a sufferer from a terrible form of Rheumatism, which reduced me so low that all hope of recovery was given up. I have suffered the most excruciating pain day and night, and often when in bed, in agony have wished I could die. I have tried everything known for that disease, but nothing did me any good, and have had some of the finest physicians of the State to work on me, but all to no effect. I have spent over \$500 without finding relief. I am now proud to say that after using only one bottle of B. B. B. I am enabled to walk and attend to business, and I would not take \$500 for the benefit received from one single bottle of B. B. B. I refer to all merchants and business men of Georgia.

Yours, respectfully,
E. O. GAPA.

Waverly, Walker county, Texas.

DEMONSTRATED MERIT.

SEBASTA, GA., May 15, 1886.

Blood Balm Co.

You will possess us per first fr. light one gross B. B. B.

It gives us pleasure to report a good trade for this preparation. Indeed it has far exceeded all other blood remedies, both in demonstrated merit and rapid sale with us.

R. ZIER & VANDERMAN.

All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Blood Poison, Scrofula and Scrofulous Swellings, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail free of cost, a copy of our 32-page Illustrated Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever before known.

Address—
BLOOD BALM CO.,
Atlanta, Ga.

Planting Time HAS COME.

Now is the time to plant
IRISH POTATOES, and ONIONS.

Sow
CABBAGE,
LETTUCE,
TOMATOES,
RADISH,
BEETS,
PEAS,
MUSTARD,
KALE,
SALSIFY,
CARROT
and
PARSNIP

ALSO SEED

—FOR—
PASTURES, MEADOWS

and LOTS, in ORCHARD, TIMOTHY, HERDS GRASS, and RED and SAPPING CLOVER SEED.

I have a full stock of all seeds and will meet prices with anyone.

I SHALL CONTINUE

—To Improve My—

DRUG STOCK

until it is second to none South of Richmond. My stock of

CIGARS, and CIGARETTES, and TOBACCO

Is Complete.

I have on hand and shall carry a larger stock of Paints and Painters' goods than ever before. First quality ground colors a specialty.

I carry at all times a nice line of ROYAL TEN'S FRESH FRENCH CANDIES.

All Prescriptions

and family receipts entrusted to my care will receive my personal attention and only pure, fresh drugs used in filling them. In returning thanks to my friends and customers I ask for a continuance of their patronage, and assure them I will spare no efforts to deserve it. A good house, a long experience, and ample capital, I can and will make it to your interest to deal with me.

Very Respectfully,

Melville Dorsey.

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Fire and Burglar Proof.

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LITERARY CHAT.

WHAT THE LEADING WRITERS
HAVE PREPARED FOR THE
PUBLIC.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE JULY MAGAZINES.

About Sydney Lusk's "Yoke of the Thorah"—The Byrnes-Hawthorne Combination—"Cracker Joe," "The Russian Refugee," and Other Books Well Worth Reading—Personalities About Famous Authors.

Special correspondence of the Gold Leaf.

New York, June 17, 1887.

The famous old publishing house of Lee & Shepard, Boston, is now advancing confidently into its second quarter of a century, for it was on February 1, 1862, that they began business in a little old colonial building on Washington street. Since then the book jobbing business in New England has waxed and waned, and while it stood at its best, this was the leading house in it, carrying immense stocks of books, and driving a profitable trade on all sides. Of late years the firm has confined itself to its own publications, and those including the long lines of the works of Oliver Optic, Eliph Kelllogg, G. T. Trowbridge, Sonnie May, etc., and the Golden Floral Series, and many brilliant and popular holiday books, give them all the business they want.

The *Russian Refugee*, by R. Wilson, which has just been issued by that popular house of T. R. Knox & Co., is a tale of the Blue Ridge, full of marvelous adventure, much mystery, and strongly contrasted characters, acting their diverse parts in a complicated plot, and finally discomfiting the villain of the story. But the title *refugee*, the "Russian Refugee," is the character that dominates and pervades the whole, and the description of this fascinating personage is the great attraction of the book. Living secluded from mankind, in an undiscoverable cave, he retains all the noble aspirations of his youth for the regeneration of man, and tempers them with the wide experience of a man of the world and the calm and mature wisdom of age. Higher speculations even than those respecting social amelioration have occupied his years of retirement, and his discourses on what, for lack of a better word, I may call spiritual—matters, will repay perusal. That is just what has passed through my mind, and I have been unable to seize it.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne has formed a novel literary partnership with Inspector Thomas Byrnes, Chief of the New York Detective Bureau. Mr. Byrnes is going to furnish Mr. Hawthorne with innumerable details of his own experience as a detective and inspector, and Mr. Hawthorne will put the material thus supplied into the form of stories, presumably using fictitious names for the persons and localities. But the stories will be based upon Inspector Byrnes' experiences in New York, and all the data used will have the advantage of being actual memoranda of facts derived from the inspector's diaries and reminiscences. Naturally, such a wealth of matter will require a good deal of space for its proper artistic development, and Messrs. Cassell & Co., who are to publish the results of this interesting collaboration, announce that they will bring out a series of volumes prepared by the novelist and the chief of detectives. The first volume, which will be published immediately, is entitled "A Tragic Mystery." It relates to a mysterious murder which occurred in New York some years ago (presumably the Nathan murder), and narrates the various efforts of the police to discover the criminal. The story is said to have a dramatic conclusion. Novelists have frequently gone to the police and legal records of crime and fraud for the material of romance, and there seems to be every reason why this immediate association of novelist and detective should lead to the publication of effective, thrilling and popular books.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has written the opening article for the "Beecher Memorial" now being prepared for Mrs. Beecher and her family by Mr. Edward W. Bok, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to which Mr. Gladstone, President Cleveland, the Duke of Argyle, and some seventy-five other distinguished Americans and foreigners have also contributed articles. Only 100 copies of the "Memorial" are intended for the public.

The July number of *Lippincott's Magazine* will be largely a Southern one, with such names as Julia Magruder, Thomas Nelson Page, Robert Burns Wilson, Amelie Rives, etc., among its contributors. The prize essay on "Social Life at the University of Virginia" is contributed by John B. Minor, Jr., an under-graduate.

In *Scribner's Magazine* for July, Professor D. A. Sargent, M. D., of Harvard College, who is perhaps the best authority in this country on the general subjects of athletics, will publish, as the fruit of many years' practical experience, his first extensive work in that field, under the title, "The Physical Proportions of the Typical Man." In it Professor Sargent will give a standard of physical measurements, based on the measurements of 10,000 individuals. This furnishes a basis of comparison by which any person can gauge his proportions with those of the typical man. The article will contain charts for this purpose, founded on these observations.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers, the Boston publishers, have added to their popular "No Name Series" a Florida novel, bearing the somewhat unique title, *Cracker Joe*. The hero was born and bred "pore white folks," yet by his energy, pluck and shrewdness, he acquired a standing of honor and respect, and the reputation of being the richest land owner in the "land of flowers." He sells one of his old cottages to Mr. Ainsley, a Northern gentleman, broken down in health and fortune, who moves South with his family. Hermit George, a kindly man, whose life is veiled by a mystery, once owned the lands now held by "Cracker Joe." Mrs. Beck, one of the neighbors, had the means of four average men, supported by her chronic weakness for borrowing. I have no doubt that this volume will have a "go."

The progress made in educating the negroes of the South will be set forth in the *American Magazine* for July. The Rev. S. W. Culver, President of Bishop College, Texas, describes the methods of instruction and the measure of success attained. In same number, Miss Edna Dean Proctor will offer a poet's tribute to "The Lady of the White House."

It seems that Miss Murfree, the author of the Tennessee Mountain Stories, is not engaged to be married to anybody, as is reported. A Boston publisher asked her the other day whether the rumor of her engagement was true or not. She said very gravely that it was. "And his name?" "Charles Egbert Cuddick," which means that Miss Murfree is to continue wedded to her *nom de plume* and her art.

No one attempts to deny that Mr. Sydney Lusk is a writer of undoubted power, but to our mind that power has as yet been greater in its fulfillment. We all look to a noble future for Mr. Lusk, unless sudden success turns his head or a too rapid production saps his powers. At present we all recognize that his best moments are his nervous intense ones, when some emotion has completely overmastered him when the *motif* of his story has, as it were, become materialized into an irresistible power, like a tangible presence, that waves its spell about him and rocks and sways him as a tree that is tossed in the tempest. The effect of all of this on ourselves is irresistible; we are swept on even as he himself is swept. But in his calmer moments, those in which he handles his subject and ceases to be controlled by it, he fails to move us. The impression he then produces is one of uncertainty, as though his own grasp were a faltering one. He lacks the self-possession of the artist, the power to perfectly adjust his details. He is too prodigal with his matter, yet not ready enough to be wasteful to sacrifice an idea that has once pleased him. He lacks the patience and the care-taking pains of the workman loving the perfection of his work. Still, when all this has been said, we feel that anything in the way of adverse criticism of Mr. Lusk's work must, after all, be overbalanced by what one is ready to yield as tribute to his undoubted powers. His faults are those of haste and inexperience, ones which time, we are sure, will eradicate.

Of the Hebrew population of New York no one, it is said, knows more than Mr. Lusk, and in "The Yoke of the Thorah" (Cassell & Co.) he has given us a picture at once subtle, strong and sweeping. He has taken as his theme the Hebrew prejudice against marriage with a Christian. But prejudice is by no means the word we should have used except as we regard from our peculiar standpoint the Jewish attitude on the subject. To the Hebrews such a marriage is a sin, the like of which we do not reckon in our category—a sin dire and dreadful in its consequences, to be visited by the wrath of God, by curses to the body and soul, by evils of a kind before which the human mind must stagger and faint. Wrapped, as many of us have been, in our profound ignorance of the thoughts, feelings and prejudices of the Jews living in our very midst, yet with whom we jostle elbows every day, regarding them, as too many of us have been apt to do, with a sort of lofty condescension, if

not with a sense of aversion, the existence of such a law among them, one by which a marriage with one of us is looked upon as a deadly sin against the God whom we both worship, must strike the majority of us with a sort of overwhelming force. Mr. Lusk's choice of this theme is a happy inspiration, since the rapid amalgamation of races and classes, and the breaking up of old religious differences, have left but few situations in which the souls of men and women can be shown as they are torn by the passions of old beliefs and new needs. We are tempted to-day by subtleties, and the curse that is on us is that of not having power to discriminate little shades of difference. Half of us have grown superior to "Thou Shalt" and "Thou Shalt Not." The old errors of our ancestors are meaningless to us, even while we are longing for definite shapes against which to contend. We have become Catholic in our tastes and Catholic in our creeds. We are little regretful though philosophic when our old faiths are violated, but nothing like that which Mr. Lusk paints is known among us. The real climax of the story is reached in the middle of the book when the marriage of the young Hebrew, Elias Bacharach, with the daughter of an old customer on Union square is thwarted. This is also the strongest part of the story. It is told with wonderful power. Nothing like it, with its tempestuous sweep, has been told in a long time. Nor has anything to equal the figure of that hard, cruel, remorseless, heaven-inspired old rabbi been seen among us. The humor of this book is as irresistible in its way as is the sweep of its emotions. The Hebrew reunions at the Blums are incomparable.

"Oh, my daughter," Mrs. Morgenthau returned, "she works like a horse. You never saw such a worker. It's simply fearful! And such a good girl, Mr. Bacharach. * * * She's grand. She's an angel!"

"You're right there," put in Mr. Koeh. "Tillie's all wool, from head to foot."

"And a yard wide," added Mr. Blum. Mr. Samuel Minturn Peck's second collection of poems is being put into shape for book publication, the success of his "Cap and Bells," published last autumn, warranting the issue of another bundle of his stray verses. Mr. Peck is still a very young man, having not yet turned his thirtieth year. Although the Bellevue Medical College conferred the degree of M. D., he has never practiced medicine, but follows literature both as a pleasure and a profession. A number of his songs have been set to music, the most popular being "A Knot of Blue," which has been published with a musical setting in both England and this country. Having a cultivated and acute ear for harmony of sound, and being partial to lyric verse, his writings are very popular with musicians. His productions up to this time have all been songs and the light society verses so popular at present, and they have been copied by the press of every State in the Union. Mr. Peck is an extensive but not a methodical reader. His happy style may be attributable to the fact that he writes, as he expresses it, only when he feels "cheerful and comfortable." After he has written, however, he cuts out, transposes, substitutes and rearranges with great care. Mr. Peck is affable and pleasant in manner, and well formed in person, with brown hair and eyes, broad high forehead, full face, and rather more color than is usual with a native of the South. His work is done at the old homestead, in a beautiful suburb of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where he draws inspiration from the charming Southern scenery and the bright Southern sky.

The daughter of the Confederate Colonel John S. Mosby is preparing a series of articles which will tell the "Adventures of a Confederate Boy Soldier." The facts for the articles Miss Mosby has secured from a young soldier who at the age of 13 joined her father's command, and fought with him through several battles. The papers will be published through one of the prominent magazines.

"Adirondack" Murray's daughter is acting as her father's publisher at her home in Burlington, Vt. It is Miss Murray's intention to republish during the coming fall her father's famous "Adirondack Tales," and she will also bring out volumes from his pen, one of which is now undergoing publication. Miss Murray also acts as agent for her father's lectures, and all engagements of that character are made through her. "Father's work is purely literary now," she writes, "and will be for the future, with the exception of delivering some lectures in a few of the larger cities, commencing in October next."

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Company announce that they have nearly ready an examination of the subject of Spirit-

ualism by the philosophical writer John Darby, generally understood to be Dr. James E. Garrettson, well known as a surgical teacher and author. The work is entitled "Nineteenth Century Sense: The Paradox of Spiritualism," and, considering Dr. Garrettson's learning and ability, we doubt not it is a very thorough and comprehensive discussion of the subject which will awaken considerable interest among thoughtful persons. We understand that the author's method is quite ingenious and original, and that, aiming as he does to reconcile the apparently unreconcilable, his conclusions will prove worthy of the careful consideration of both friends and opponents of the doctrines of Spiritualism.

A. ROSCOWER.

IS SHE HIDING?
Is she hiding where eternal summer smiles upon the sea?
And the snowy orange blossoms ever make the shelly strand?
Is she hiding, is she hiding where the tender tropic breeze
Tells the story of his wooings in the billows on the sand?
Somewhere, somewhere, I know not where,
Upon the land or sea—
Somewhere, somewhere, all pure and fair,
My love abides for me.

Is she hiding 'mid the clover blooms upon the purple hills,
Where mellow bees are humming and the apple blossoms float?
Is she hiding, is she hiding where the brooklet leaps and trills,
And does she bind the daisies in a posy for her throat?

Somewhere, somewhere, I know not where,
My love and I shall meet,
For there's a fate through food and fair
That guides my wayward feet.

Is she hiding where the starlight gleams upon the frozen gloom,
And faintly sings the carols that awake the drowsy snow?
Is she hiding, is she hiding where the roses never bloom,
And the poppies never wave their crimson banner through the corn?

She hides somewhere, I know not where,
But surely this I know:
'Twill always seem like summer there,
However the wind may blow.

Nature's Healing.
[Minnie C. Ballard, in St. Louis Magazine.]
Heine says: "We feel infinite happiness when the outer world blends with the world of our own soul, and green trees, thoughts, and the songs of birds, gentle melancholy, the blue of Heaven, memory, and the perfume of flowers run together in sweet arabesques." He also says that "Nature resembles her people. In Italy she is passionate like the people who live there; in Germany she is more solemn, reflective and patient." Then again, "Nature around us acts upon man." Bryant says: "To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language," and he goes on to tell how she enters into every mood, and expresses sympathy, as it were, with every thought. Longfellow says:

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst learn a lesson, will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills."

So, if what these poets say is true, have we not a ready panacea for every mortal ill? If one feels himself growing unduly happy and joyous, if he fears he may be becoming frivolous and trivial, he has only to lie to some saddening haunt of nature to receive the seriousness lacking to his soul. Or he needs only to go to some grand and impressive natural scene and straightaway he becomes imbued with some of that grandeur and sublimity himself. He absorbs it by a process as painless and perhaps unconscious, as the flower absorbs the dew. Nor need he wear seven-league boots in order to prosecute his search. Often the desired mount, or fount, may lie very near his own door. Lowell tells us of a prophet who, worn and foot-sore, sought the holy hill, expecting there to receive a sign from God, and the sign came in the form of a humble violet, a violet the very same as one his own little daughter had plucked for him from his own threshold, in starting. If indeed his haven is distant, all things conspire to make his journey light. There are steamers on the lakes, Pullman cars on the lands, and good roads everywhere.

If one is sad then he should take a different tonic from Dame Hygieia. Nature. He should choose out some sunny, shiny spot, and fill his soul, or steep his sense in light's delicious cheer. Or if he needs to be startled out of his sorrow let him visit Niagara or the Yosemite. Surely even the keenest grief must in some degree forget itself here. Despair herself can scarcely be callous to the grandeur round. Here

"Thy expanding heart
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world,
To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision."

In these spots, if anywhere, "Nature imitates God," and God's Son, "the Man of Sorrows," says, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

Isn't it funny, but a dress-maker's business is confined to the "out-skirts" of the city.—*Electric Light.*

The Wheat Harvest.

[Statesville Landmark.]

The bulk of the wheat in this county and section will have been taken off by the time this week ends. The harvest commenced last week. It is now at its height. All over this region can be heard the "s-w-i-s-h" of the cradle as the grain falls before it, and one can easily imagine the army of stalwart reapers who cover the State to-day, straw hats on their heads, handkerchiefs around their necks—together with the other army of binders who follow after them, boys and men, gathering and tying the wheat as it falls from the hands of the cradlers and tossing the bundles aside, ready for the shock. The shade at the end of the field, how grateful it is! the water, how sweet; and the buttermilk at dinner, how cool and palatable! The hardest and yet one of the most joyous seasons of the year is the harvest time, when nature has yielded abundantly; when neighbors gather together to help neighbors, when the joke goes round, and the farmers' hopes begin to be realized. Truly, they are being realized now. Rarely has such a wheat crop been produced in this section as that which is now being harvested, and it only remains for it to dry out and be gotten under cover in good order. And while the farmer has every reason to congratulate himself upon his wheat, he has additional cause of joy in contemplating the prospects of all other crops. One of the finest oat crops ever seen, will be harvested in a week or two, and corn and cotton never looked better at this season. Verily, it seems as if Providence intends to smile on us all again.

Cheerful Women.

In marrying, men should seek happy women. They make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, or for talent or for style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being happy under any and all circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference, the bright little fountain bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Nothing ever goes wrong with them—no trouble is too serious for them "to make the best of it." Was ever the stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face falling across its turbid tides would not wake an answering gleam? Why, then, joyous tempered people don't know half the good they do. No matter how cross and crabbed you feel, no matter if your brain is full of meditation on "afflicting dispensations," and your stomach with medicines, pills, and tonics—just set one of those cheerful little women talking to you, and we are not afraid to wager anything she can cure you. The long drawn lines about the mouth relax—the cloud of settled gloom will vanish; nobody knows where, and the first thing you know you will be laughing! Ah, what a blessing are these happy women! How often their little hands guide the ponderous machine of life, with almost an invisible touch! How we look forward through the weary day of judgment reveals, how much we owe to these helpful, hopeful, uncomplaining, happy women.

Why Farming Don't Pay.

[A Young Farmer.]

Because in spring the faint hearted farmer thinks the season is to be unfavorable and he will wait until fall and apply his fertilizers to winter grain; because he is too lazy to plant a decent garden, and keep the weeds down, and when other farmers are living from their garden he buys from the store, and complains of big store bills; because he lets the fences fall down and his cattle get into his meadow just before haying; because instead of harvesting what few crops he has, he and his dog are tramping over his neighbor's fields in search of game, pulling down walls, opening gates and making themselves a general nuisance; because he never smooths off any of his land but prefers to tell how he will do something next year; because he lets his stock stand out of doors all day shivering in the wind; because instead of getting a year's stock of wood he prefers to sit in the store and tell great stories of his younger days; because he pays from \$12 to \$20 a year for tobacco which he spits on the stove and floor and then says times are so hard his wife will have to go without tea; because he doesn't get a creamer but sets his milk over his bed in winter, where it catches all the dust and bad odors; in short because of general shiftlessness.

"They thrash wheat to get the good qualities out of it. They thrash a boy to get the good qualities into him."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. **ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.** 106 Wall St. N. Y. June 24, 1887.

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DENTIST

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Office over E. G. Davis' Store, Main Street, N. Y. 25, 1 c.

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HENDERSON, N. C.

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